

K Bate (W) afterwards Dudley
THE
WOODMAN,

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN
THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

WITH
UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

BY
MR. BATE DUDLEY.

THE THIRD EDITION.

London:
PRINTED BY T. RICKABY,
FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1791.



DEDICATION.

T O

BAMBER GASCOYNE, Esq.

RECEIVER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS, &c.

DEAR SIR,

THE following OPERA is inscribed to you, from two motives—Gratitude, and Self-interest. My best feelings are indulged by this acknowledgment of the many obligations I owe to you—and my vanity, I confess, will derive no inconsiderable gratification, from the world being informed, that you have long classed me in the respectable list of your private friends.

The scenes of *dramatic fiction*, are not perhaps the best calculated, to display the sincerity of personal regard;—but my attachment is not the novelty of a day, and depends not therefore on the form of a public offering.

The

DEDICATION.

The WOODMAN indeed, has, on this occasion, some sylvan pretensions of his own: doing, "Suit, and Service," in that antient * FOREST, over which you exercise a joint jurisdiction, he may be allowed, at least, a feudal claim to your protection: I should pay but an ill compliment to your classical taste, which I admire, to suppose he will be the less welcome, because he approaches you in the unaffected garb of *Pastoral Simplicity*.

I am,

Dear Sir,

With great regard,

Very faithfully your's,

H. B. DUDLEY.

BRADWELL LODGE,

April 30, 1791.

* HAINAULT FOREST, in ESSEX.

*The following Statement, preceded the Book of SONGS, on the
first Night's Representation; explanatory of
the Writer's Views.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

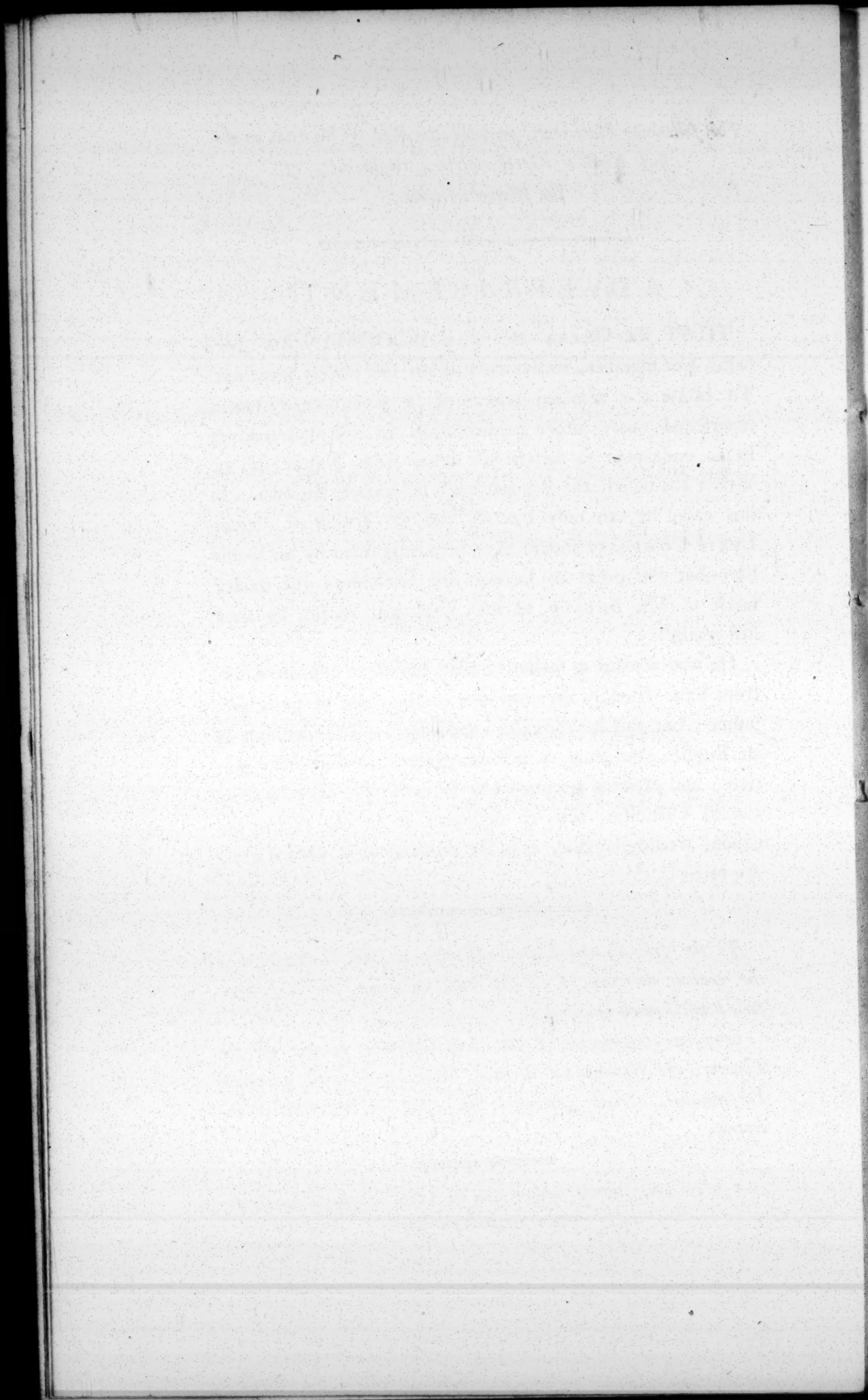
THAT the OPERA of THE WOODMAN has been hastily put together, its defects will but too plainly point out. To excite the admired talents of a MUSICAL FRIEND, superseded every other consideration in this undertaking. In an endeavour to sketch his scenes from Nature, if the Writer has failed, the demerit must be entirely his own. In this case, he can only lament, that the genius of a great LYRIC COMPOSER should have been misguided by his inability—but the pride of having first introduced the modest merit of Mr. SHIELD to the Theatrical World, he must still retain!

He was advised to shelter himself under an assumed name, from some friendly apprehensions on the score of party prejudice; but this he thought unnecessary.—The decision of an English Audience, is seldom regulated by unworthy motives; and personal resentment is so invariably disclaimed by candid Criticism, that to deprecate it on the present occasion, would degrade, even the humility of a DRAMATIC AUTHOR!

To the friendly and liberal attention of Mr. HARRIS, and the zealous exertions of all the PERFORMERS, the AUTHOR feels himself much indebted.

From a combination of the most effective powers of the Theatre, the WOODMAN derived, that correct, and animated Performance, which secured to the Piece so flattering a reception.

* * * *The words adapted to two or three old AIRS, unavoidably partake of broken, irregular measure.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

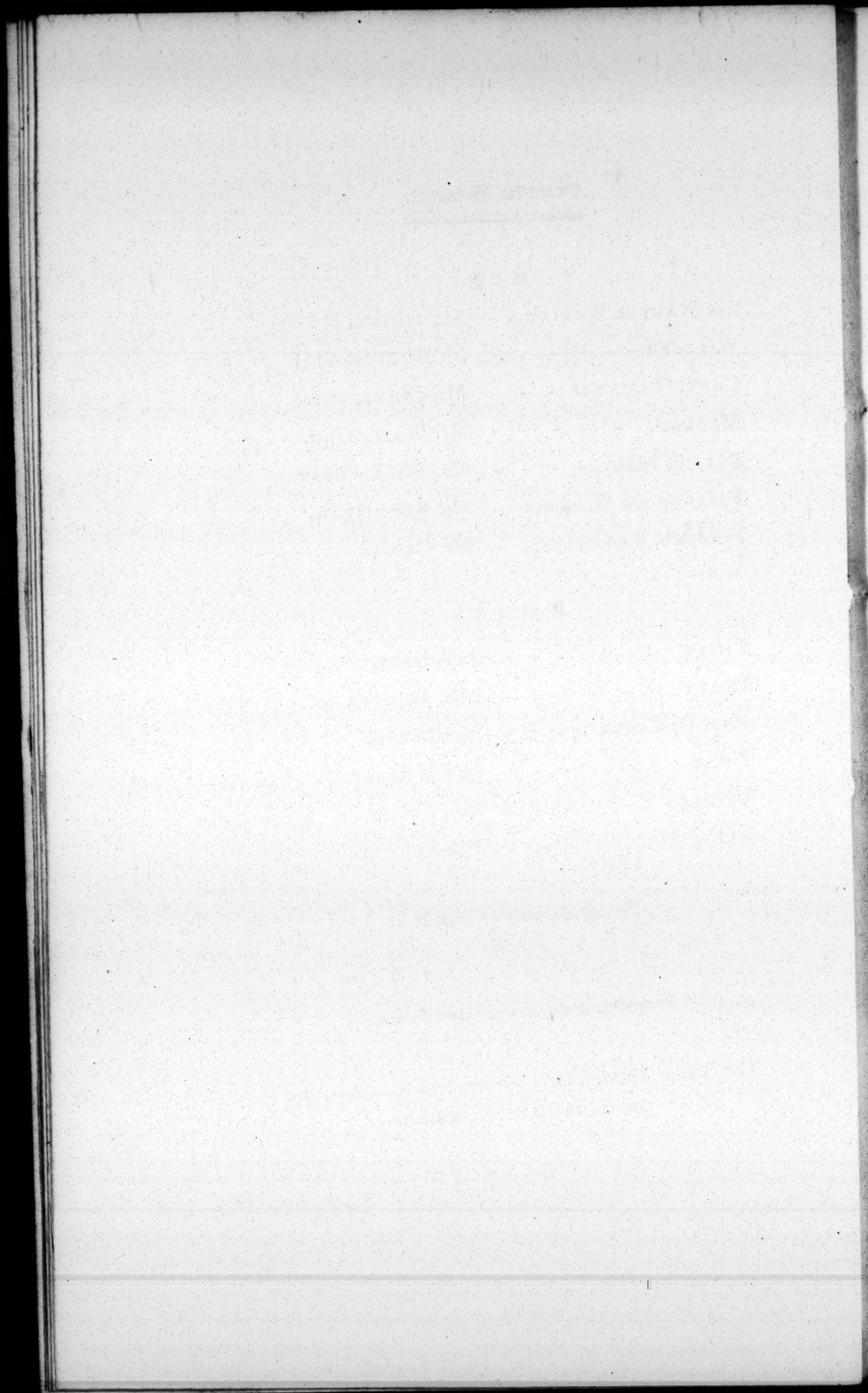
SIR WALTER WARING - - Mr. QUICK.
WILFORD - - - - - Mr. INCLEDON.
CAPT. O'DONNEL - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.
MEDLEY - - - - - Mr. BLANCHARD.
BOB, the Miller, - - - Mr. WILLIAMSON.
FAIRLOP, the Woodman - Mr. BANNISTER.
FILBERT, the Gardener, - Mr. CROSS.

W O M E N.

EMILY - - - - - Miss DALL.
DOLLY - - - - - Mrs. MARTYR.
MISS DI CLACKIT - - - Mrs. WEBB.
POLLY - - - - - Miss HUNTLEY.
BRIDGET - - - - - Mrs. CROSS.
KITTY MAPLE - - - - Miss STUART.

Female Archers—Woodmen.
Ec. Ec.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are
omitted in the Representation.



THE
WOODMAN,

A
COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Perspective Garden.*

MEDLEY and FILBERT.

MEDLEY.

WHAT slaves are we men in office!—Don't you wonder, Filbert, how I get through all my business?

FILBERT.

Oh! it's your *larning* does it, Mr. Medley, that's certain.

MEDLEY.

Why, to be sure, Filbert, your men of parts are the fellows after all ;—but come, did you deliver the dresses, bows and arrows, last night, to the lasses who are to shoot for the heifer and ribbands, according to the forest charter?

FILBERT.

Yes.

MEDLEY.

And did you tell 'em to meet me in good time, this afternoon, in the gladeway, near the old Oak?

B

FIL-

FILBERT.

To be sure I did—and gave 'em a kifs all round into the bargain, that they might not forget it.

MEDLEY.

That was done like a man, Filbert!—Now take these to Goodman Fairlop's, the Woodman,—(*giving him bows and arrows, &c.*)—and tell him I shall be down with them before the girls have untied their night-caps.

FILBERT.

I will.—(*Laughing.*)—Efecks, Master Medley, you think, mayhap, I don't know *who* has a fancy to *who*, in that corner of the forest.

MEDLEY.

Come, jog away—jog away—I've no time now to crack jokes with you, Master *Filbert*.—[*Exit Filbert.*]—Like other great men—I, Matt Medley, am obliged, for the good of the state, to hold many offices.—I am Deputy Ranger of the Purlieu!—Keeper of the waifs and strays!—Fac-totum to his Worship Sir Walter!—and Mender of Morals in the absence of our Vicar!—I think I've employment enough cut out for the present day.—Let me see—I'm to find out who this little stranger is at the Woodside, which I can't learn for my life from that huffey Dolly.—I'm to make love to her for my brother Bob, if she's good for any thing—and if not, I must prevent Sir Walter making himself the hamlet's talk about her.—I've to keep peace through the day—*if I can*—between Sir Walter and his rantipole cousin Dinah—then to act as umpire at the archery—and at night—receive a smile from Dolly as a recompence for all my toils.

AIR

A I R I.

IN the World's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
 Was—a *smile from the girl of my heart!*

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

Come then crosses, and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

SIR WALTER.—(*Calling behind.*)

Medley! why, Matt Medley! where are you, I say?

MEDLEY.

Yes, yes, just as I thought, the old Buck's noddle
 can't rest for dreaming of this little fawn at the Wood-
 side.

Enter SIR WALTER.

SIR WALTER.

Good morrow, Medley!—how are you, Matt? al-
 ways chanting with the first cock—eh, you rogue?

MEDLEY.

I love to be cheerful, and stirring betimes—but how
 comes your Worship abroad so soon?

SIR WALTER.

I could not sleep, Matt, for the rheumatism—and so
 forth.

MED-

MEDLEY.

And I doubt whether your disorder will let you rest, now you're up—*and so forth.* [Aside.

SIR WALTER.

But did you think of what I was saying to you last night, Matt?

MEDLEY.

I'm going about it the first thing this morning! I have a good excuse for the enquiry, as my brother's desperately in love with this pretty stranger.

SIR WALTER.

What, Bob of the mill?—A great fool! why it will be the ruin of the poor fellow!—But how do you know it?—have you evidence of the fact?

MEDLEY.

He told me himself—so I'm going to look into it.

SIR WALTER.

Ay do—that's quite right: a silly numpskull!—but you know, Matt, there can be no harm in my having a little sort of a curiosity about her—and so forth?

MEDLEY.

Oh! none at all, sir.—Nor of my satisfying that curiosity according to my mind—*and so forth.* [Aside.

SIR WALTER.

Well, then go—that's a good lad.

MEDLEY.

I will, your Worship.

SIR WALTER.

That's right—now go about it directly, Matt, while I finish my morning's walk. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Woodside, discovering FAIRLOP's Cottage Farm soon after Sun-rise :—EMILY, and DOLLY, sitting at a breakfast Table near the Door.

FAIRLOP and POLLY entering to them from the Porch.

A I R II.—QUARTETTO,

FOR all thy boons below,
Oh, ruddy HEALTH! to thee
Thus ever, ever flow
The grateful strains of Industry!

CHORUS of Woodmen,

FROM Labour's sons around
The Woodlands catch the sound;
While songsters blithe on ev'ry spray,
Attune their voices to our roundelay!

[Exit Polly.

FAIRLOP.

So much for the first portion of the day!—and now, my girls, let us partake of the homely meal that Providence sets before us.

DOLLY.

No, father—that Providence bestows, and I set before you!

FAIRLOP.

You are a good girl, Doll—but tho' his Worship's clerk, Mr. Medley, does flatter your comeliness—mind,
child,

child, and never think of setting yourself before Providence.

EMILY.

There, fir—there's your breakfast ready for you—I had the pleasure of toasting your brown bread—

DOLLY.

And I of rubbing the nutmeg over it.

FAIRLOP.

Honest husbands to you both, for your kindness.—But now, Miss Emily, for the rest of your story, which you promised us a month ago.—Your Aunt I remember well—and a fine straight woman she was in my younger days.

DOLLY.

Ay, father—you'll pity poor Emily indeed, when you hear it;—she told it me last night; and I did nothing but sob and cry till day-light.

EMILY.

I believe I told you, that my widow'd mother was a tenant to old Mr. Wilford, in a small farm near the park—

FAIRLOP.

Yes, child, you did.

EMILY.

At her decease I was taken, when very young, to be a companion to their niece, Miss Wilford, and shared with her, while she lived, an education—far beyond what my rank in life could entitle me to.

DOLLY.

I don't know that.

FAIR-

FAIRLOP.

Well—and so.—

EMILY.

Being the constant observer of her brother's increasing worth, my esteem for him insensibly grew with it ; till at length I listen'd, too fondly, to his professions of regard—which, probably, I ought to have discouraged !

FAIRLOP.

I don't know how that should have been : but that's all over, child.

DOLLY.

Lord ! father, does not love always beget love, as I've heard my poor dear mother tell you a hundred, and a hundred times to that ?

FAIRLOP.

And so thou hast, Dolly—but go on my dear.

EMILY.

In short, a mutual vow of inviolable affection was the consequence of this attachment.

DOLLY.

Well, and that was right.

EMILY.

His Uncle, one moonlight evening—surprised us walking together on the terrace!—The next morning—to the astonishment of every one, he hurried my Wilford off to the continent, without his being able to bid me a last adieu!—and, by the most cruel vow, declared, he would disinherit him if ever he beheld me more !

DOLLY.

Barbarous creature !

FAIR-

FAIRLOP.

Hold your tongue a little—pray, Dolly!

EMILY.

He enclosed me a bill of a hundred pounds, the legacy bequeathed me by his Lady's will—and inform'd me, that I had his permission to remain at Wilford Lodge till I could otherwise accommodate myself—which I did the same day at my aunt's, in the adjoining parish.

FAIRLOP.

I honor your spirit!

EMILY.

After three years absence on his travels—during which time he has written to me in terms of unaltered affection, I learnt, that Wilford was on his return to England.—To prevent, therefore, the fatal effects to him of even a supposed renewal of our attachment—I resolved—unknown to any one, to retire in search of an asylum, which, from my aunt's description of you, I flattered myself I might find—and, Heaven knows, have found under your generous protection!

DOLLY.

A'n't this very cruel, and heart-breaking, father?

FAIRLOP.

It is a little against the grain, to be sure—but let's make the best we can of it.

DOLLY.

And so the dear, constant-hearted man is soon expected back again?

EMILY.

He is indeed, Dolly—

A I R III.

ZEPHYR, come, thou playful minion,
 Greet with whispers soft mine ear!
 Hence! each breeze of ruder pinion,
 Tell me I have nought to fear!
 Gently, ZEPHYR, wing him over,
 Tho' I ne'er behold him more;
 With the breath of some young lover,
 Waft him to his native shore!

FAIRLOP.

Well, child—the best way now, is to reconcile yourself to a more humble lot :—you will not fare so well, it's true—but you may be as safe under my lowly roof, as in the proudest dwelling!

EMILY.

Oh, the feelings of my heart!—

FAIRLOP.

I'm glad on't—they'll spare you the trouble of saying, what I neither deserve, nor desire to hear.—But come, girls, I'll now take a step into the Hop-ground, while you finish dressing the garland pole; and in the evening we'll all dance round it, and forget our sorrows.

A I R IV.

ON Freedom's happy land
 My task of duty done,
 With *Mirth's* light-hearted band
 Why not the lowly *Woodman* one?
 Tho' Fortune's smile our groves forsake,
 Mirth may be left behind;
 For wealth can neither give, nor take
 This treasure of the mind!

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

C

Come,

Come, Cheerfulness, with blithsome gait,
 Trip by the peasant's side;
 While Care—in cold, and fullen state,
 Sits on the brow of pride.

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Woodland View near FAIRLOP's Cottage.

EMILY and DOLLY, *decorating a Hop-Pole with Ribbands.*

A I R.—DUET.

“ The blushing pink—the spotless white,
 “ Will always charm the purer fight,
 “ Disdaining gaudy pride.
 “ How can such colours fail to please,
 “ When, oh! with filken bands like these,
 “ True Lovers' knots are ty'd?”

DOLLY.

I've another bit of pink upon my best cap, that will do
 for the top to a T.—I'll run and fetch it. [*Exit.*]

EMILY.

Ah, my Wilford!—had fate but fashioned thee for
 these humble scenes of life, I might then perhaps have
 aspired to thy love without presumption.

Re-enter DOLLY.

DOLLY.

Here it is!—but hold—this was given me at our last
 fair

fair by Medley—and I should not like to part with it, tho' he is an audacious creature!—But I'll pin it so high, that nobody can reach it.—There!

EMILY.

Well, this must be the smartest Pole in the parish, to be sure!

DOLLY.

And blefs me, what kissing there'll be under it!

A I R V.

THERE's a something in kissing—I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast high:
For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again!
Though a kiss stop my breath, oh! how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die!

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again, and again!

POLLY peeps at the latter part of this Air, and entering archly,
sings,

“ We wish it repeated again, and again!”

DOLLY.

Heighday, little Miss Nimble-tongue!—who ask'd
for your piping?

POL-

POLLY.

Dear sister! I thought I should always say, and do, every thing after you.

DOLLY.

Indeed!—but come, Miss—here, take your basket—*(giving her one)*—and pack off to school.—Marry come up—I think we can find you out something else to mind, or I wonder!

EMILY.

Oh! she'll be a good girl, Dolly, I'll answer for her.

DOLLY.

And so she ought—mind and finish your task in your sampler before you come home, Miss.

POLLY.

Well—so I will, if you don't snub a body.

[Exeunt Emily and Dolly.]

[Sings.—“ There's a something in kissing—I cannot tell why!”

[Exit Polly.]

SCENE IV.

MEDLEY *coming to the Woodman's.*

MEDLEY.

So!—so!—why these girls are not up yet!—by their lying in bed thus—they fancy themselves married already!

Enter

Enter BOB.

BOB,

Good morrow, brother Matt.

MEDLEY.

Good morrow again, Bob—if it's not too late—well, do you continue in the same mind?

BOB,

Yes—I love her dearly.

MEDLEY.

Come, then, I'll try what's to be done for you,

BOB.

Don't expect me to talk much at first—for when I see her, I know I shall be as dumb as my breast-wheel in a hard frost.

MEDLEY.

Leave it to me, and never you mind it——Halloo! halloo! why house! are you all dead, or fast asleep?

Enter EMILY and DOLLY, from the Woodfule-part.

DOLLY,

As I hope to live, there's my spark, and his brother Bob, the miller, your intended lover.

EMILY.

How can you be so absurd, Dolly?

DOLLY.—(*Advancing.*)

Pray, Gentlemen—or rather middling kind of men—what may be your business here so early this morning?

BOB.

“ Now mind, brother—for I can't speak a word.

[*To Medley.*

MED-

MEDLEY.

“ First of all, Dolly—I came to enquire, whether you
 “ have received the bows and arrows, and how you like
 “ your dresses ?

DOLLY.

“ Why, fo-fo !

MEDLEY.

“ Then, Mrs. So-So—the rest of my business hap-
 “ pens not to be with you—but with your pretty com-
 “ panion there. *[Turning to Emily.]*

EMILY.

“ With me, sir ?

DOLLY.

“ Oh ! I see he’s in his airs this morning—but I’ll
 “ match him. *[Turning off with Emily.]*

MEDLEY.

“ Faith, Bob, she’s a nice grift !

BOB.

“ A pure white sample, an’t she, brother ?”

MEDLEY.

Come, we’ll to the point at once.—May I crave your
 name, fair one ?

EMILY.

If it can be of any service to you to know it—’tis Emily.

MEDLEY.

Emily!—a pretty name enough for the top of a love
 letter—an’t it, Bob ?

DOLLY.

I have no patience at his impudence, and neglect of
 me ! *[Aside.]*

MEDLEY.

Why then, Miss Emily—the long and short of the
 matter

matter is this: my brother Bob here, as stirring a lad as any on the stream, has soufed over head and ears, for you, into the mill-pond of affection—

EMILY.

Ridiculous!—

MEDLEY.

And thinks he shall prefer the pretty clapper of a wife—to the clack of his mill—

DOLLY.

Impudent fellow!

MEDLEY.

And unless you take compassion on him, he is determined—what are you determined upon, Bob?—(*aside*)—oh! he's resolved to knock down his hopper, and let the stream of life run waste with him the remainder of his days!

EMILY.—(*Smiling.*)

Lamentable indeed!

DOLLY.—(*Tauntingly.*)

But that an't all?

MEDLEY.

Why, what the deuce would a reasonable woman have more?

EMILY.

I would save you and your brother the trouble of any further explanation, by assuring you, that I can never listen to his addresses, tho' I feel myself honor'd by his esteem!

MEDLEY.

Lord, Miss!—but his love—

DOLLY.

And lord, fir!—don't be so meddling—it is enough for you to explain your own love!

EMILY.

Ah, Dolly!—how few are there able to reveal to others this mystery of the mind!

A I R VI.—GLEE.

What is Love?—An odd compound of simples most sweet,
Cull'd in life's spring by fancy—poor mortals to cheat;
A passion—no eloquence yet could improve,
So a sigh best expresses the passion of *Love*!

[*Exeunt Bob, and Emily severally.*]

DOLLY.—(*Laughing.*)

Ha!—ha!—ha!—

MEDLEY.

What is it you giggle at so—Ma'am Dolly?

DOLLY.

At you, and your foolish brother!

MEDLEY.

Oh! you do?

DOLLY.

Yes, to be sure I do!—I can't help it for my life!

[*Still laughs.*]

MEDLEY.

Then, since my brother is to be fobbed off by your companion in this pretty manner—I'll enquire a little into what's what? and who's who?—

DOLLY.

Oh! pray do, Mr. Jack in office

MED-

MEDLEY.

Yes, Ma'am—and know how Miss Proud-Air came here?—whether she gets an honest livelihood?—and where's the place of her last legal settlement, Ma'am!

DOLLY.

Pitiful spight!—But I can save you all this trouble. She's a thirteenth cousin by the side of my mother's half-brother:—she came on a visit to us from foreign parts—has been better brought up than either you, or I, sir—and being, at this time, a little in adversity—why—my father has taken compassion upon her.—

MEDLEY.

Taken compassion upon her?

DOLLY.

Yes, sir.

MEDLEY.

And, like an old fool—keeps her, I suppose?

DOLLY.

Well—and suppose he does.

MEDLEY.

What?—after the fashion of the great folks above!

DOLLY.

For my part, I don't see that such an action is a disgrace to any one, gentle, or simple.

MEDLEY.

You don't, upon your little wicked soul?

DOLLY.

No.—And so, till you learn to behave yourself a little more like a man, I don't wish to see your spiteful face again.

[Exit Dolly.]

D

MED-

MEDLEY.

Here's a pretty skit for you!—Have I been fifteen months at a Latin School?—two years hackney-writer to an attorney on Tower-hill—more than three years justice clerk to Sir Walter?—and to be outwitted, after all, “by this old stub-fox, and his young cubs?—Sure—ly, Master Solomon—by your leave, there's now and then something new under the sun!—Old Fairlop, the Woodman, to take a flashy young hussy into keeping!—and his daughter,—in whom I placed every hope of future comfort—to encourage and laugh at it?—I'll go instantly to Sir Walter to prevent his falling into the trap that may be laid for him, however—“and as to Dolly——”

A I R VII.

SAY—what kind of revenge shall I take?
 Shall I quit her—and see her no more?—
 'Tis a pity at once to forsake
 What we've learnt a long while to adore!

If I tell her, for life we must part,
 Ten to one if it gives her much pain!
 Should she feel it—my own rebel heart
 Will fly to her succour again!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.*The Forest.*

WILFORD, and CAPT. O'DONNEL.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Upon my conscience—but you true lovers are restless creatures!—We will only have been landed six days from the continent, and here are we again launched upon a more slippery element, in chace of your runaway mistress.

WILFORD.

Ah! my friend, O'Donnel—but what a treasure are we in pursuit of?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, but I wish you to be after giving me a more particular description of this same treasure—for which, I think, we will encounter a small number of difficulties.

WILFORD.

Oh! she will repay all my anxieties!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Yes, faith! and what's to become of mine into the bargain?—but—I see your's is a dashing kind of love—which my friendship is eager enough to follow;—so order it upon any service you please, in search of your goddess.

WILFORD.

My dear O'Donnel—I cannot thank you as you deserve.

serve.—My intelligence informs me, that Emily has, unaccountably, sought a retreat on the confines of this extensive forest.—We must, therefore, vigilantly explore it, taking different directions.—The guide told you where we should meet?

CAPT. O'DONNEL,

Not he indeed!—but what occasion for a rendezvous, when we are only going upon a foraging party!

WILFORD.

He directed our servants to the Rein Deer, near the famed Oak:—there, at least, we may have tidings of each other's success.—Here let us part!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And see who starts the first doe on the forest.—But hark ye, Wilford!—how shall I be sure of her, so as not, by one of my confounded country mistakes, to take her for one of the little wild fawns of the chase?

WILFORD.

If you have no eyes,—hear her but speak, and the mild melody of her accents will instantly convince you!

A I R VIII.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my *Emily* knew
How oft has its course been forgot,
While it paus'd, her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For silently swelling with pride—
It reflected her back to the skies!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.

Garden.

SIR WALTER, and MEDLEY.

SIR WALTER.

Did you ever hear such a persecuting clapper as cousin Di's?

MEDLEY.

A little out of tune now and then, to be sure, your Worship:—but how did this storm break out?

SIR WALTER.

Only, forsooth, because I good humour'dly laugh'd at her a little, for fashing herself off like a young girl, and telling her, she would make a better patroness of beef-eaters, than female archers!—However, I'll see none of her prudish nonsense there—I'll ride ten miles first another way.

MEDLEY.

That's a pity; for it will be a fine fight.

SIR WALTER.

What signifies your finery, and foolery, Matt?—If a man can't be comfortable, and take a quiet peep at a pretty girl—and so forth.—But when am I to see this little stray wood-nymph, Matt?

MEDLEY.

We can't too soon enquire into the merits of the case;—you'll find her no better than I told you—We may take out orders of removal for her directly.

SIR

SIR WALTER.

But not without positive evidence of the fact.

MEDLEY.

Let me beg your Worship to be a little upon your guard—if Miss Di gets hold of it—she'll prattle about it merrily, I warrant you.

SIR WALTER.

Yes, let her alone for that :—she's squeamish enough about other people—but as to her fantastical self—you'll find her always upon the ogle—and fancying every man she sees—in love with her—and so forth.

MEDLEY.

Suppose, some time or other, we were to humour this fancy of her's :—I don't think, your Worship, it would be of any disservice to her!

SIR WALTER.

My dear Matt, give me your hand!—prithee don't forget it!—Let me get her but once fairly on the hip, and then at all events I shall secure a good peace, with the enemy I never can conquer!

A I R IX.

SURELY woman's a powerful creature

In every stage of her life,

So arm'd at all points, by dame Nature,

As Maiden—Miss—Widow—or Wife

In her bloom, ev'ry glance she shoots thro' you ;

Ever after her larum's well strung :—

And sure is that force to subdue you,

Which shifts from the eye—to the tongue !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.*The Forest.*CAPT. O'DONNEL *alone.*

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Upon my conscience—but this is likely to turn out a very clever expedition of mine!—A pretty account I'll be able to give poor Wilford! I marched out in search of his rivulet goddes—and the devil a human creature have I clapped my eyes on—except two huge bucks at a tilting match under an oak!—But hold—what have we here?—something nimbly scudding along—and this is her track!—

Enter POLLY.

POLLY.

Oh la! what fine gentleman can this be? [*Aside.*

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

How are you, my little innocent?

POLLY.

Very well, I thank you, fir—(*courtesying*)—Pray, if I may be so bold, do you belong to our forest?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

No, my little dear—I'm a roving buck from foreign parts! “what would you say to such a one for a husband?

POLLY.

“Oh! dear fir—you are very good—but I must not “think of one 'till my eldest sister's married.

I

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

"No—who tells you that?"

POLLY.

"My father—he says my waxen baby is a better
"play-thing than a husband, after all!"

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

"But you don't believe him?"

POLLY.

"I don't know, fir."

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Where do you live?—and what may be your little
name?"

POLLY.

I live hard by, and my name is Polly Fairlop. I'm
going to school—but I think I'm too old for that,
however!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Indeed! and so you are, my dear!

A I R X.

WHEN first I slipp'd my leading strings—to please her little

POLL,

My mother bought me, at the fair, a pretty waxen *Doll*;
Such floe-black eyes, and cherry cheeks, the smiling dear posselt,
How could I kiss it oft enough—or hug it to my breast?

No sooner I could prattle it, as forward Misses do,
Than how I long'd, and sigh'd to hear—my Dolly prattle too;
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, and dress'd her very gay,
And yet the fulky huffey not a syllable would say.

"Provok'd,

“ Provok’d that to my questions kind, no answer I could get,
 “ I shook the little huffey well—and whipp’d her in a pet :—
 “ My mother cry’d, Oh fie upon’t—pray let your Doll alone,
 “ If e’er you wish to have a pretty baby of your own !”

My head on this I bridled up, and threw the play-thing by,
 Altho’ my sifter snubb’d me for’t—I know the reason why—
 I fancy she would wish to keep, the sweet-hearts all her own,
 But that she shan’t, depend upon’t—when I’m a woman grown !

CAPT. O’DONNEL.

Bravo, my little warbler !—Tho’ you are not tall enough, d’ye see—for a husband—I dare be bound you’re cunning enough to tell me—whether you have amongst you, such a thing as a stray young lady, almost as handsome as your own sweet self ?

POLLY.

As true as any thing this must be Miss Emily’s sweet-heart, that I’ve heard e’m talk, and cry so much about.—(*Aside.*)—A stray young lady ?—what sort of one, sir ?

CAPT. O’DONNEL.

Faith, an odd sort enough !—one that run away from her lover, for fear of being married to the man of her heart !

POLLY.

Oh, dear sir !—we have no such girls in our parts, I can assure you.—But here comes Mr. Bob, the Miller ; perhaps he can inform you better—and so good bye, sir—for I ought to have been at school full half an hour ago !
 [*Exit singing—“ But that she shan’t, depend upon’t—when I’m a woman grown.”*]

E

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well done, little Whirligig!—

Enter BOB.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Good day to you, friend Bob.

BOB.—(*Surprised.*)

Why, how the dickens did he know my name to be Bob?—(*Aside.*)—The same to you, sir. [*Bowing.*]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Faith, honest miller—you will confer an obligation upon me, by telling me whereabouts I am.

BOB.—(*Smiling.*)

By your question, sir, I should guess you a bit of a stranger in this forest!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Indeed and you've hit it.—What's more, I came upon a strange bit of business—and, to tell you the honest truth, I need not walk much further to be tired, as well as hungry.

BOB.

Lord love you! say no more—the traveller that has lost his way, shall never want a welcome at my mill, so long as I am able to grind a grist in it.—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Upon my conscience but this honest fellow would soon make a man forget that he was out of his own country! What a fine thing is generosity! but what's it good for without a little gratitude?—

A I R XI.

OH! a French federation,
Or courtier's oration,
Is all botheration,

To you Bob, and me!—
But what's more inviting,
My own heart delighting,
Faith better than fighting,

I'll tell you—d'ye see :

Why the saug little blessings, that most men desire,
The girl we can love—and the friend we admire!
But the fight above all, would you feel, my lad, here below,
Make the warm flame of gratitude tenderly overflow!

Tho' drones heap with pleasure,
Wealth's mischievous measure,
Faith that is no treasure
—To you Bob, and me!—

But what's more inviting, &c.

BOB.

But what might bring you into these out-of-the-way parts, if I may be so bold?—and how did you know my name was Bob?

CAPT. O'DONNEL,

Because I take you to be the son of your father—whose name I guess was Robert!

BOB.

Efecks! that's no bad guess for a stranger, however!
—But now, fir, for your business—

CAPT. O'DONNEL

Faith, I came only to enquire after a stray dappled fawn, the owner of which would recover it at any pains, or price.

BOB,

BOB.

Oh ! if that's all, set your heart at ease.—When you have refreshed yourself, I'll take you to my brother Matt, who is all in all with Sir Walter—and looks after the waifs and strays—so if any body can give you intelligence, he's the man.—Besides, there's to be fine doings this afternoon round here—so you may as well tarry, and see the pastimes of the place !

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

With all my soul !—Then, miller, I may peep at some of your Woodland nymphs—You have a few pretty ones skipping through these gladeways, I suppose ?

BOB.

Oh, 'a mort !—I'll shew you one among 'em shall make your mouth water—if you're ever so nice.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Why don't you pick out one amongst 'em for a wife, Bob ?

BOB.

Because I can't choose the sample I like.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

A little shy—eh ! Bob—of the antlers that flourish so thick around you ?

BOB.

No—no—I understand your joke, sir—but I've no fears of that kind, I promise you.

AIR

A I R XII.

My heart is as honest, and brave as the best,
My body's as sound as a roach ;
Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,
Nor stuck up my nob in a coach :
If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
My sacks with her riches to fill,
Why surely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame—
And not honest *Bob of the Mill!*

My breast is as artless, and blithe as my lay,
From my cottage Content never flies ;
She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
And I know how to value the prize :
Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her hand,
The world it may wag as it will ;
I defy the first 'Squire, or Lord of the Land,
To dishonour plain *Bob of the Mill!*

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE VIII. EMILY *alone, reading near the Cottage.*

EMILY.

WHY should the report of a stranger's arrival on the forest, so much alarm me?—But may he not, by this time, have removed me as far from his memory, as his person?—Oh, no!—my Wilford is still the same—and, ill-fated as we are—my heart must dwell upon his fidelity with emotions of delight!—

A I R XIII,

SWEET inmate—SENSIBILITY!

How pure thy transports flow,
When even grief that springs from thee,
Is luxury in woe!
Without thee—where's the sigh of love,
Or blush by grace refin'd?
Where Friendship's sacred tear, to prove
The triumph of the mind?

RONDEAU—*Sweet inmate, &c.*

[*Emily continues reading.*]

Enter SIR WALTER, *and* MEDLEY *with his Clerk's Bag.*

MEDLEY;

Yes, yes—there she is upon the layer, as I expected!

SIR WALTER.

Why, she warbles as innocently as a little Robin,
Matt!

MEDLEY.

Oh! she can warble fast enough, if that's all—why, I dare say she'll turn out, upon examination, to be one of the little hurdy-gurdy girls that grind music about the streets of London!

SIR WALTER.

But are you sure that my tenant, Fairlop—like a fly old fox—has pick'd up this pretty chicken for himself?—have you evidence of the fact?

MEDLEY.

To be sure, your Worship.—I've his daughter Dolly's own confession of the whole.

SIR WALTER.

Well—I'll frighten her a little—but I cannot find in my conscience to hurt her—for every moment I perceive in her fresh beauties—and so forth.

MEDLEY.

Justice, you know, sir, should be blind on these occasions.

SIR WALTER.

What signifies that, Matt—when one can see such charms with half an eye!—But what can she be reading?

MEDLEY.

No good, I'll answer for't—

Enter DOLLY, who seeing them, goes up to Emily.

DOLLY.

As I live, here's Sir Walter!—We must make a curtesy to him.

[Emily rises, and modestly curtesies with Dolly.]

SIR

SIR WALTER.

They observe us—what a pretty rogue!—Hark ye—
young—blooming damsel?

DOLLY.

Which of us, and please your Worship?

MEDLEY.

Not you, Ma'am Forward-step—Here, Miss Scape-
grace, walk this way. [To Emily.]

SIR WALTER.

Don't, Matt.—I won't suffer you to be so harsh
with her.—How came you, child, into the limits of
this forest?

EMILY.

Good heav'n, how shall I support myself! [Aside.]

DOLLY.

Why, pluck up a good spirit, and never mind it!
[Aside.]

MEDLEY.—(*Beckoning to Sir Walter aside.*)

As this may turn out a nice point at sessions,—you
should ask her,—where she was born?—and then, how
she got her bread from her youth up?—that's the prac-
tice according to law!

SIR WALTER.

But not exactly, Matt, according to my nature.

MEDLEY.

Indeed, first of all she should be sworn!
[Takes out a book.]

SIR WALTER.

Well, you may swear her—but I cannot be severe
with her, without positive evidence of the fact!

MEDLEY.

Take off your glove—

EMILY.

EMILY.

What can this mean?

[*To Dolly.*

DOLLY.

I'm sure I don't know—but I'll run and fetch my father.

[*Exit.*

SIR WALTER.

Come—come, pretty one—the law requires you should be sworn.

EMILY.

Pray, sir, inform me—against what rule of society have I offended, that my humble character should be thus scrupulously enquired into?

MEDLEY.

You hear his Worship's commands, and that's sufficient.

EMILY—(*To Sir Walter.*)

I fear, sir, I know not the extent of so solemn an obligation!

SIR WALTER.

No?—not an oath?—oh fie!

EMILY.

No, indeed, sir!—I intreat you will have the goodness to expound it to me.

SIR WALTER.

Why, child—an oath—is—as one may say—a sacred—kind of a—taking of a—

MEDLEY.

Lord, sir! I'd be above explaining it to her! besides here comes the old offender.

F

Enter

Enter FAIRLOP.

SIR WALTER.

Sirrah! how dare you!—how durst you!—You may retire, child, for the present. [*To Emily, who goes out.*

FAIRLOP.

Mercy on us!—what? and please your Worship!

MEDLEY.

We are come in the king's name, to demand, Master Fairlop—who, and what, that little coaxing Minx is?

SIR WALTER,

Where she comes from?—and how you came by her?

FAIRLOP.

And please you—all I know—your Honor shall know—

MEDLEY.

Now for it!

FAIRLOP.

I found this poor Emily, a friendless creature, that the world had turn'd its back upon—and so, your Honor—I took her in—

MEDLEY.

And keep her in the face of the whole forest?

SIR WALTER.

Why, your betters could have done no more?—an't you asham'd of yourself, Master Fairlop?

FAIRLOP.

No, indeed, your Worship.

SIR WALTER.

No?

FAIR-

FAIRLOP.

Why should a poor man be aſham'd of an act that the great are ſo proud of?

MEDLEY.

There's impudence for you!

SIR WALTER.

Why, what will the world ſay of you?

FAIRLOP.

So long, your Honor, as I can lie down with a quiet conſcience, and riſe to work under a good landlord, I heed not the world, and all its malice!

SIR WALTER.

What! have you no regard for your own precious ſoul—and ſo forth?

FAIRLOP.

When my poor trunk is fell'd, and the knots hewn off, I hope that ſome ſound plank will be found here—*(laying his hand on his breaſt)*—as well as in finer ſticks, with a ſmoother bark!

MEDLEY.

Why, don't you know whoſe tenant you are?

FAIRLOP.

Dear heart! what a queſtion?

SIR WALTER.

Ay, anſwer him that—

FAIRLOP.

To be ſure, I am your Honor's tenant for the Hop-ground—the ſix acre croft—and the little woodland plot, where I was born—and I always ſtrove hard not to be behind hand with my rent.

SIR

SIR WALTER.

Then mark me—I'll let it all over your head to-morrow, if you don't discard that bewitching little baggage directly!

FAIRLOP.

That's rather hard!—I've lived under your Worship three-and-fifty years!—but if it must be so—I'll be content.—I hope your Honor will get a better tenant!

SIR WALTER.

What! you will be obstinate?

A I R XIV.

Good lack a day!

I would not for the land I hold,
Nor sacks brim-full of British gold

My trust betray:—

I'll do such deed for no man!

My maxim is, to do my best

To make each creature round me blest—

Much more a helpless woman!

[*Exit Fairlop.*]

SIR WALTER.

What a sturdy old pollard this is, Matt?

MEDLEY.

Why, he'll corrupt the morals of the whole hamlet, his poor daughter Dolly and all!

SIR WALTER.

But still, Medley—as to the little warbler herself—I do not find, yet, that we have evidence of the fact.

MEDLEY.

You know, your Worship, *Burn* says—

SIR WALTER.

Pooh—pooh—what signifies what *Burn* says. I question if ever he met with so ticklish a case in the whole course of his life.

Enter BOB, who whispers MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

A strange gentleman!—glad to speak with me!

SIR WALTER.

Here, Bob!—your brother Matt wants me to play the very deuce with the pretty little stranger at the woodside!

BOB.

No sure, your Honor!

MEDLEY.

Your Worship, to be sure, must act as you please.

SIR WALTER.

If I should commit her—you, as constable, Bob, must take the poor rogue to the house of correction.

BOB.

I could not do it, your Honor, for the world!—Lord love her little heart, what has she done?

SIR WALTER.

True, Robert!—that's what I want to know—at all events, I'll do nothing further in it, 'till I've re-examined her closely—and so forth!

MEDLEY.

I don't see, indeed, that there can be any harm in reconsidering the case.

SIR WALTER.

No, none in the world—besides we should hear all circumstances, *pro* and *con*—and so forth.

BOB.

BOB.

Ay, do—your Honor—why, brother Matt, you wa'n't used to be a hard-hearted fellow—particularly to the poor girls.

MEDLEY.

No, God forbid I ever should be—'though this is a terrible example, Bob, for poor Dolly,

A I R XV.—TRIO.

ALL—Hard is the task, in one decree,
To blend

Medley - - - - - Law!

Bob - - - - - Love!

Sir Walter - - - - - and Clemency!

ALL—But where they equally prevail,
Let soft Compassion turn the scale!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IX.

DOLLY entering the Garden.

DOLLY.

Where can this cruel monster of mine be?—I did not intend to let him see that I lov'd him this half year—but if I don't—he may still play poor Emily some ill-natur'd trick.—Oh! here he is! As her Ladyship, Miss Dina, kindly takes our part—I'll be upon the high ropes a little now, as well as he.

Enter

Enter MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

Well, Ma'am Dolly—what may your business be with me? for I'm rather in haste—

DOLLY.

Lud—what a hurry some folks are in all of a sudden!—if you must know, fir—I sent for you to tell you, that you, and Sir Walter, are going to old Nick as fast as you can gallop!

MEDLEY.

Indeed?—why then, perhaps, you would not dislike to take a canter along with us!

DOLLY.

You may joke and jeer, Mr. Matt—but how can you find in your heart to colloque and plot against so innocent a creature?

MEDLEY.

I colloque?—I scorn your words!

DOLLY.

“ I should not wonder to find, when I get home,
“ that she had drown'd herself in the brook at the back
“ of our orchard!

MEDLEY.

“ No—no—your young father is too tender-hearted
“ to suffer that.—

DOLLY.

“ Pray what do you mean, fir?

MEDLEY.

“ Only that, instead of—drowning—you'll have a
“ little nursing at home sooner than you look'd for.

[“ *Imitating the cry of a young child.*”

DOL-

DOLLY.

What, could you learn nothing better in London, Mr. Medley, than to slander a poor innocent girl, because she refused your brother Bob?—poor spite!

MEDLEY.

Why, if you come to that, didn't you tell me, with your own mouth, that——

DOLLY.

That what?——

MEDLEY.

That your father had taken—a fancy to her!—and didn't he acknowledge it before his Worship himself?

DOLLY.

Mercy upon us!—what is this wicked world come to—I?——

MEDLEY.

“Yes you did—told me flat and plain, that your father was fool enough to—to keep her.

DOLLY.

“Keep her?—and so he does.

MEDLEY.

“Well—there now!

DOLLY.

“Keeps her—poor man, like another daughter.”

MEDLEY.

What?—don't she—now mind me, Dolly—are you sure—and certain—that—

DOLLY.

What?

MED-

MEDLEY.

That—Emily does not—now and then—by chance
—tie your father's—night-cap under his chin?

DOLLY.

I wonder you a'n't ashamed of yourself, to look me
in the face, after such a speech?

MEDLEY.

Faith, there may be some confounded mistake in this
affair, after all!—(*Aside.*)—why, Dolly, I only——

DOLLY.

My father may be poor, sir—but ask the whole ham-
let whether they ever found him dishonest!

MEDLEY.

No, Dolly!—but such a bewitching little rogue, you
know—might have done you no good—that was all my
fear, I can assure you now, Dolly!

DOLLY.

I thought you more of a man—she's as innocent—

MEDLEY.

Are you in earnest?

DOLLY.

Earnest!

A I R XVI.

WHEN next you view the lily blow,
Or on wild heath the driven snow,
Toss'd rudely by the wind—
Tell me then, which you would compare
To her—who with a form that's fair,
Adds still a fairer mind!

G

MED-

MEDLEY.

Poor thing!—if that's the case—I have been fadly to blame—But I'm glad we stopped proceedings—no—the law must not take its course—to trample down innocence and humanity!

DOLLY.

My dear Matt—do you say so?

MEDLEY.

To be sure I do—

DOLLY.

Then heav'n will bless—and I will kiss you for it!
[*Runs and kisses him.*]

MEDLEY.

Methinks, Dolly, I like your blessing the best, at present!—but did you give it me for yourself, or your friend?

DOLLY.

Oh!—half one, and half t'other.

MEDLEY.

Then let me have a whole one on your own account—(*kisses her*)—and now, to make my happiness complete, give me your hand—and say, you're mine for ever!

DOLLY.

Lord! you do tease a body so, Matt!

MEDLEY.

Come—come——

DOLLY.

Well then, there—(*gives her hand*)—but you must get my father's consent.

MED-

MEDLEY.

To be sure—and then all's settled and done. I'll go and set Sir Walter right—and come to you both before we meet at the archery.—But who the deuce is this pretty water-wagtail—come, surely you may tell me now!

DOLLY.

I can't, indeed—but you shall know all about it in good time.

A I R XVII.—DUET.

Medley. HAVING brought my suit to issue,
I may venture close to kifs you,
Lovely *Dolly*!—dearest *Doll*!
Ever finging *toll-de-roll*.

[*Ad lib.*]

Dolly. Aye! but when my charms are falling,
Shall I then still hear you calling
“Lovely *Dolly*!—dearest *Doll*!”
“Ever finging *toll-de-roll*? &c.”

Medley. You're a woman
Dolly. You're a man, Sir, } made for ever?

Both. Hold your head up now, my dear,
Such a match for you how clever!
You'll be envy'd far and near,
Ever finging *toll-de-roll*, &c.

[*Ad lib.*][*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.*Garden.*

SIR WALTER.

Matt Medley promis'd to be with me an hour ago !
—I want to know how he has manag'd it—that I may
see her out of the reach of my prying cousin!—Hold
—hold—suppose, after all—she should prove an honest,
good girl?—what's to be done then?—Why, it will
only be my care—as it is my duty, to protect her inno-
cence.—But if she turns out the little wanton bag-
gage Medley suspects—it will be charity to take her
out of the way myself, and thus prevent old Fairlop's
ruin!—Gads me! here she is, just at the nick.—I
must be cautious with her at first, 'till I learn how her
pulse beats—and so forth.

Enter EMILY.

EMILY.

I hope you'll pardon me, sir, this bold intrusion—

SIR WALTER.

Make no apology, my little dear! I am happy to see
you—I'll do all I can to serve you, depend on't.

EMILY.

Regardless of my own fate—I come not, sir, to ask
indulgence for myself—but most humbly to solicit you
in behalf of an amiable man!

SIR WALTER.

Ay! who can that be, child?

EMILY.

EMILY.

One, sir, who through life has enjoyed the cheering warmth of your benevolence—and is therefore less able, in old age, to bear up against the severity of your displeasure!

SIR WALTER.

What, old Fairlop the woodman, you mean?

EMILY.

Yes, sir.

SIR WALTER.

A pretty amiable fellow, to be sure, child! but come—they say you're very partial to him—now confess the truth, and I don't know what may be done.

EMILY.

Oh, sir! I do indeed regard him—beyond what even gratitude can express!

SIR WALTER.

That's strange!—but what could you see, child, in such an old delving blockhead?

EMILY.

Every thing that can render man worthy of esteem. I fear, sir, that I have been the cause of his present distress:—restore him but to your protecting favour, and dispose of me, and my sufferings, in what manner you please!

SIR WALTER.

Gad!—that's a significant hint I don't dislike, however.

[Aside.]

AIR

A I R XVIII.

ANDANTE.

Hear me ! and comfort shall your steps attend ;
 Leave not the man of worth without a friend !

ALLEGRO,

Oh ! the rapture of possessing
 Power to dispense a blessing,
 Or to raise a prostrate foe ;
 God-like he !—the deed concealing—
 Who, with sympathetic feeling,
 Softens but one sigh of woe !

SIR WALTER.

Well, child—I'll consider of it—I won't detain you here any longer now—for fear of some inquisitive eye observing us ;—so if you'll fix a time with my clerk, Medley, where I may see you again presently, I'll tell you a little more of my mind—and so forth—(*Emily courtesies, and retires.*)—"Dispose of me as you please ?"—pretty soul !—how innocently complying !—Yes, yes—the case now is clear enough !—but what puzzles me is, how that liquorish-tooth'd old woodman could come by her.—Well, she's fair game now, Matt—or I wonder.—Let me see—how shall I dispose of her ?—I'm too much enraptured to plan the scheme myself—Matt shall find out some fly corner, where the little rogue may live as happy as the day's long !—and then how snug shall I be with so pretty a companion, to read to me thro' a cold winter's night—and so forth !

AIR

A I R XIX.

WHAT mortal e'er saw such a creature?
 How prettily turn'd ev'ry feature?
 A mouth chafely simple!
 A chin deck'd with dimple,
 A cheek that discloses
 Full-blown damask-roses,
 With a lip like a ruby that's brought from afar,
 And an eye—that out-twinkles the bright morning star!
[Exit.

SCENE XI.*The Forest.*

DOLLY, and MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

But where's your innocent companion—I long to at-
 tone for my offence—

DOLLY.

She's gone up to Sir Walter's—for what purpose I
 know no more than you:—but here she returns.

Enter EMILY, dejectedly.

MEDLEY.

Cheer up your little heart! nobody will harm you!
 —I'm a whimsical fellow—and take the wrong end of
 a matter now and then, as well as other folks—but I
 think I would go as many miles on foot to serve one in
 distress, as any man upon the forest.

DOLLY.

There! didn't I tell you that Matt was honest in grain?

EMILY.

Oh, fir—but I dread the effects of Sir Walter's resentment!

MEDLEY.

Never you fear—leave him to me.

EMILY.

He directed me to consult you about a further interview with him to-day.

DOLLY.

What can his Worship want with her again?

MEDLEY.

Some business, I fancy, that I only can settle properly between them!—but come, I've news for you!—Have you heard of the strange gentleman just come on the forest?

DOLLY.

We have, and wish mightily to see him; don't we, Emily?

EMILY.

We do, indeed—and mine is more than common curiosity.

MEDLEY.

My brother Bob first scrap'd acquaintance with him;—faith! here they come together in search of me—you may now satisfy your curiosity, while I examine him.

EMILY.

Let us retire awhile—(*to Dolly*)—for I feel an agitation I cannot describe!

Enter

Enter CAPT. O'DONNEL, and BOB.

BOB.

This is the strange gentleman I told you of, brother !

MEDLEY.

Good day to you, sir.—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Sir, I'm your servant.

MEDLEY.

I am told you wanted to speak with me.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure and I do.—The short and the long of the business is,—I have lost a little run-a-way damsel, and you, my dear, must be after finding her for me.

MEDLEY.

That's coming to the point, indeed !

BOB.

Who knows but 'tis Miss Emily he's hunting for ?

[Aside to Medley.]

MEDLEY.

That we shall soon see.—*(Aside to Bob.)*—We have choice of waifs and strays on this forest.—Now here—*(pointing to EMILY, and DOLLY, who approach)*—here's a pair of pretty out-lying deer !—will either of these suit you ?

DOLLY.—*(As Capt. O'Donnel turns.)*

There—now you may see—is that any thing like him ?

[To Emily.]

EMILY.

Oh, no !—

H

BOB.

BOB.

“ That’s her !—that’s the beauty I told you of !

[To Capt. O’Donnel.]

CAPT. O’DONNEL.

“ Upon my conscience, but you’ve a pretty choice,
“ miller !—if I was hunting only for myself, I should
“ seek no prettier game, than that little blue-eyed doe
“ to the left—Oh, she’s a sweet creature !”

MEDLEY.

Here, lasses, you must help this honest gentleman to
find his sweet-heart.

DOLLY.

I hope, sir, she’s worth looking for !

BOB.

For my part, I hope it won’t turn out a wild-goose
chace !

CAPT. O’DONNEL.

You all seem to think it a very good joke—but, as a
stranger among you, let me hope for your good wishes
at least—

EMILY.

You have mine, sir—from a sympathising heart.

DOLLY.

And I wish that you may recover your wandering
mistress with all my soul !

AIR

A I R XX.—GLEE.*

OH, Mistrefs Coy ! where art thou roving ?
 Oh ! stay and hear thy true-love coming,
 That can sing both high, and low.
 Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

Seek for love—but not hereafter ;
 Present mirth has present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure.
 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Flee not blifs, then, sweet, and twenty,
 Youth's a season won't endure.

[*Exeunt Emily, Dolly, and Bob.*]

MEDLEY.

Well, but this is an odd kind of story, Captain !—
 Come, as we are by ourselves, what sort of a damsel
 have you lost ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Now, faith—that's the very thing I came to learn of
 yourself.—But I'm sorry the dear blue-eyed girl has
 left us so soon, without leave.

MEDLEY.

What the devil !—don't you know your own mistress ?

* The Author thought he might, with less presumption, slightly alter these original words of SHAKESPEARE to make them incidental to the Scene, than adapt others, which would probably have impaired the melody of this charming GLEE.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.—(*Laughing.*)

Palliluh!—but that's a good joke! Why, my dear, she's no mistress of mine!

MEDLEY.

Not your's?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Not at all—I'll tell you, as a secret!—it's my friend's!

MEDLEY.

Oh! your friend's is it?—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure and it is!

MEDLEY.

What an opportunity for treating Miss Di with a specimen of my cousin Tipperary's courtship—unless her shape should marr the joke.—(*Aside.*)—Well but, Captain, let's know a few of the marks and colours—is she fair or brown, fat or lean?—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Why, that, upon my conscience, I forgot to ask; but, as near as I can guess, by my friend's taste, she must be a clever, plumpish kind of creature—just about neither one thing, nor t'other, d'ye see!

MEDLEY.

Come then, Captain, to keep you no longer in suspense, your friend's lass is lodged not far off.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

But are you in earnest?

MEDLEY.

To be sure I am. Now what will you say if I take you to her directly?

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

Oh, but will you now, my dear fellow? Give me your hand—and after that, I'll give you an opportunity of doing myself a little favour, if you please!—

MEDLEY.

What's that, Captain?—'Twas lucky that I told Miss Di this morning, she would be run away with—

[*Aside.*]

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

Only to tell me where I may find that little blue-ey'd fawn—as a recompense for my own pains!

MEDLEY.

And why not hamper Sir Walter with him a little at the same time, and so rescue poor Emily—who may be the lass he's in search of, after all!

[*Aside.*]

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

But what are you proposing so much about to yourself, little fellow?

MEDLEY.

Why, I'm thinking, that this may be a service of some danger, as well as honor.

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

So much the better.

MEDLEY.

You can talk big—and fight a little, upon occasion?

CAPT. O'DONNELL.—(*Looking sternly at him.*)

Is it a laugh, sir, you are after putting upon a soldier?—

MEDLEY.

Who me?—don't look so fierce, Captain!—not I upon my word?

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

I'd have you learn, sir—that, when necessary, I can fight a great deal—and say nothing at all about it!

MEDLEY.

Why, that's better still—then give me your hand, my dear friend—and now mind what I say to you.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, proceed—

MEDLEY.

You see that great house. [*Pointing to the Mansion.*]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Very well—

MEDLEY.

That's Sir Walter Waring's, where she's to be found.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

The devil she is now!

MEDLEY.

Our forest air has not disagreed with her; you'll find her as plump as a partridge.—How Sir Walter came by her—that you must learn—but he has always been a devil of a fellow, from his youth, for fighting, and wenching!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, be easy!—let me see whether he won't give her up to me?—and a fighting fellow too!—

MEDLEY.

You'll be able to speak to her now, as he is riding in the Park. Ask for the young lady—you can't mistake her—as she is the only one in the house.—

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

To be sure, and I won't beat up the old buck's quarters!—I perceive you've a little intrigue and frolic in this defart forest, as well as in Ireland's own self?

MEDLEY.

And why not?—

A I R XXI.

OH! Life's a gay forest, like merry Sherwood,

Tantarra, my boys!

Abounding with fish, flesh, and fowl, that is good;

These are your joys!

When the soft mountain-roe

Is skipping—soho!

Or tripping—teigho!

It will happen so!

This—this is the time, if it's well understood,

For the sport of that forest—dear merry Sherwood!

In such forests where game will for ever arise,

Tantarra, my boys!

We may chace ev'ry light-footed pleasure that flies;

These are your joys!

Slyly then mark the doe,

That's skipping—soho!

Or tripping—teigho!

It will happen so!

For the well-flavour'd ven'son, dear me! is so good,

That is shot by an arrow in merry Sherwood!

SCENE XII.*A Room in Sir WALTER WARING's House.*

MISS DI CLACKIT.

MISS DI.

I hope the archery will go off well—or my sweet cousin will never let me hear the last of it—never hear the last of it!—He has been endeavouring to turn it into ridicule all thro' the hamlet, this morning.—What woman of spirit, but my self, would endure the mortifying control that I do?—But I'll match him one day or other, when he least expects it.—Where the deuce can this girl be?—(*Rings the bell, and calls at the same time.*)—Bridget!—Bridget!

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

Did you call, your Ladyship?

MISS DI.

Call?—to be sure I did call!—and have call'd for you this half hour!—Is my archery dress ready?—quite ready? for let me tell you—

BRIDGET.

Yes, your Ladyship; and I think your Ladyship will look more handsomer in it, than ever I see you in all my born days—

MISS DI.

There!—there!—now you are going to crack the drum of my ear with your eternal talking.

A I R.

A I R XXII.

YOUNG women should shun tittle-tattle ;
 Like fun-dials, never should prattle ;
 Just tell what they're ask'd, and be fill !
 But girls are so idle,
 Their tongue they won't bridle,
 So gallop it goes—like the clack of a mill !

We gentry you never hear rattle,
 Like furies engag'd in a battle :
 Of talking we soon have our fill :

But girls are so idle, &c.

MISS DI.

You may go about your business—may go about your business.—(*Exit Bridget.*)—What, the deuce, is there in talking—that people are so excessively fond of it—excessively fond of it ? for my part !—(*Bridget re-enters.*)—Well !—what's the matter ?—what's the matter now ? how often have I told you—

BRIDGET.

There's a gentleman in the hall—wishes to speak with your Ladyship :—he says he came from Mr. Medley.—

MISS DI.

Wants to speak with me, child ?—wants to speak with me ? What kind—what sort of a gentleman ?—Is the girl dumb ?—why don't you answer ?—why don't you—

BRIDGET.

Oh ! a comely, genteel person as you could wish to see, my Lady—but he talks a little like a foreigner.

I

MISS

MISS DI.

Came from Medley?—Then I find there was something in his hint to me this morning, about a new admirer.—(*Aside.*)—Shew him in immediately;—how, like a stupid statue, the girl stands!—(*Exit Bridget.*)—I like foreigners—and ev'ry thing that's foreign!—He must have heard of my situation—and, in the true spirit of foreign gallantry, wishes to release me from this hideous captivity?—there's no resisting one's fate!—but I fear he has caught me in a horrid deshabille—horrid deshabille—— [*Arranging her dress in the glass.*]

Enter CAPT. O'DONNEL.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.—(*Astonished.*)

Faith, and I believe, Arthur—you have blundered into a small mistake here! [*Aside.*]

MISS DI.—(*Curtlesying low.*)

Sir, you do me honour by this visit.—But you seem a little surpris'd—you need not be alarm'd, for Sir Walter——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, Madam! never fear me—I'm not to be alarmed by all the Sir *fighting Walters* on the forest.

[*Looking at her inquisitively.*]

MISS DI.

Well, Bridget was quite right—he is a fine, bold man, indeed—and sure enough— [*Aside.*]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.—(*Looking round.*)

You've some agreeable female, I presume—as a companion about your person, Madam?

MISS DI.

Not a soul, sir—I'm confined here, as you see, by my solitary self—

I

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Then there can be no mistake!—This must be the little fellow's Partridge;—and a plump Partridge she is, sure enough! *[Aside.]*

MISS DI.

Pray what may be the commands, sir, with which you have to honour me?—You know, sir, that——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure, and are you not the dear creature, I have travelled so many weary miles to look after?—

MISS DI.

That's a question—you, sir, can best resolve—it would ill become me to—— *[Affecting bashfulness.]*

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

O! it's her own self I perceive—though she's grown old enough for the lad's mother-in-law, at least—but that's his business, and not mine.—*(Aside.)*—Oh, Miss!—we were afraid we had lost you for ever!

MISS DI.

Too long have I been lost, indeed, sir!—Oh! the tedious moments that——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Three short years seem to have made a little alteration in you, Miss—for the better—

MISS DI.

Better, sir?—I thought, for the last twelve months, my poor heart would have been broken!—my grief of heart——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, then—under all your sorrows, and concerns, Miss—it's a pleasant thing to see you look so jolly!

MISS

MISS DI.

Jolly, fir?—my sighs and tears, at one time, had nearly worn me into a consumption!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Now, a cousin-german of mine, in the county of Sligo—by bottling up her tears too much in a hurry,—fell, poor soul, into a devil of a dropfy!

MISS DI.

You've heard—you've heard, no doubt, fir, of my deplorable fate?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure—and the old baronet's tricks into the bargain;—but how came you with him at all, my dear Miss?

MISS DI.

It was my cruel destiny—perhaps you've not heard how—I'll tell you the whole, fir—I'll tell you—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, you may spare yourself all that trouble: little Mitimus, the justice's clerk, told me every syllable.—If these are her “mild melody accents!” what a comical ear must poor Wilford have for music?—[*Aside.*]—But come, madam—thank your stars that your faithful admirer is arriv'd—that old square-toes, our uncle, is gone to take a peep at the other world!—and that you may now—if you please—be made a happy creature for your life to come.

MISS DI.

Dear fir—you only flatter a woman's weak credulity—weak credulity!—But to whom do I owe
the

the honour of so agreeable a visit—this agreeable visit?
—for I blush to own—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

My name, Miss, is Arthur O'Donnel, Esq.—I have the honour to command a company in Dillon's brigade—would lay down my life for my friend—and am arriv'd, with your leave, to take your sweet self to liberty, and the man you must love, and adore!

MISS DI.

But, surely, sir, you are rather too impatient—too impatient;—besides, you know, sir, it requires time—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Time!—oh, have as little to do with that old rap as you can help.

Enter BRIDGET, hastily.

BRIDGET.

La! Ma'am, Sir Walter's getting off his horse at the keeper's lodge, and will be within, in a few minutes.

[Exit Bridget.]

MISS DI.

How unfortunate!—but the wretch is always in the way—always in the way!—Dear sir, I must beg the favour of you to retire!—I am afraid that—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, never fear me, madam!—Let him come with his fighting face, and we'll see who has the best pretensions to you.

MISS DI.

But I'm alarmed beyond measure for the consequence.

quence.—I intreat you to leave me for the present—
leave me for the present!—and hereafter, you know——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, but if I file off—and suffer the enemy to re-
possess the garrison,—will you guarantee me another
speedy interview—and hold yourself in readiness for a
quick march at a moment's notice?

MISS DI.

That requires a little consideration—but I'll talk
with Medley on the subject—and from him expect to
hear, when and where you may see me again : but may
I rely on your honourable protection?—honourable
protection—for a poor—helpless virgin—that——

[*Exit.*

A I R XXIII.

OH, fear not my courage, prov'd over and over!

Your soldier will rout each impertinent lover;

With a row-dow! I'll guard you—the foe shall your pre-
sence fly,

Who to fall in love here—must have tumbled, faith, pretty
high!

With wide-spreading charms, like the *Lake of Killarney*,

Dear creature, oh! listen to none of their blarney.

With a row-dow, &c.

Your true hearted lad is come galloping to you :

Oh! the *Salmon-leap's* nought to his flight to pursue you.

With a row-dow, &c.

Your short date of beauty—your glib tongue contrasting,

Like our own *Giant's-Causeway*, will prove everlasting!

With a row-dow, &c.

SCENE XIII.*The Forest.*

MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

So far, I fancy, this little noddle of mine has succeeded pretty well!—Miss Di, I should hope, is by this time smitten with my cousin Tipperary—for I mistake my man, if, in this first visit, he made himself understood to be courting for any one—but himself!—Now must I contrive a few whimsical appointments—like so many cross bills in chancery—but with this difference—that mine are not intended to create—but to prevent mischief.

Enter CAPT. O'DONNEL.

MEDLEY.

Well, my friend—did you meet with her as I informed you?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure, and I did—for which I heartily thank you, my dear fellow.

MEDLEY.

You found her well, I hope?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Yes, hearty enough—considering the poor creature has almost fretted herself into a consumption!

MED-

MEDLEY.

Alter'd a little, no doubt?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Indeed, and you may say that—why she's so plaguily alter'd, that she does not look like the same creature.—

MEDLEY.

But how should you know that, captain? I thought you had never seen her before.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

But haven't I seen her lover paint her to me a thousand times over?—though I now perceive, that he always took a very flatt'ring likeness.

MEDLEY.

“ You did not stay long with her ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

“ And you may thank the old buck of a baronet
“ for that.—Oh, there had like to have been the devil
“ of a kick-up about his discovering me with her!—
“ but I made a prudent retreat—and Emily is to plan
“ with yourself, when, and where I am to see her this
“ afternoon!

MEDLEY.

“ Very anxious, I suppose, to return with you ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

“ No, faith—to tell you the truth, I thought that she
“ put but a cool remembrance upon the worth of poor
“ Wilford !”

Enter

Enter BOB.

BOB.

His Worship wants you, brother, directly.

MEDLEY.

And I his Worship—and I fancy on the same business.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Robert!—you're an honest fellow—and I'm not a little indebted to you, my dear. [*Shaking him by the hand.*]

BOB.

None in the least, sir.

MEDLEY.

You wish'd, Captain, to learn something further about the little nymph with the blue sparklers?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure and I did;—and you'll assist me;—upon my conscience, but it's a pleasant thing to be able to do a good turn now and then by one another—an't it, Bob?

BOB.

Ay that it is, for certain.

MEDLEY.

Well then, go with my brother down to the Ball-fac'd Stag—call for a bottle of wine, and by the time you're sat down to it—I'll be with you, and give you the clue you want.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

My dear little fellow, how friendly will that be?—Come along, Bob; we'll soon draw the cork, boy, and drink to the lass we like best on the forest!

K

AIR.

A I R XXIV.—TRIO.

SHOULD Mirth be observ'd by her sons to decline,
They recruit her bright lamp with a flask of good wine !
When the glass circles round, and our spirits improve,
How sweet flows the bumper—to Friendship, and Love !

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.SCENE. XIV. *The Forest.*WILFORD *alone.*

WILFORD.

WHICH way can I shape my further course with any prospect of success?—I have met with no one except a savage train of hunters, and they made but a sport of my distress!—Yon track seems the most beaten, and may lead me to our appointed rendezvous:—I'll explore my way thither, in expectation of some tidings from my friend's pursuit;—but my heart at this moment mis-gives me, and tells me, that Emily is estranged from it for ever!

A I R XXV.

'TIS in vain for succour calling,
 Hope no more my bosom cheers!
 Cruel fate that bliss appalling,
 With her scroll of joyless years!
 Come, Despair! and Distraction confound me!
 Add still to my life's wretched load;
 And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
 'Tis desert of wildness shall be my abode!

CAPT. O'DONNELL—(*Behind.*)

Hilliho!—hilliho!—ho!

WILFORD.

WILFORD.

That must be his welcome voice ! halloa ! boy ;
halloa !—(*Enter Capt. O'Donnel.*)—my dear friend !
how rejoiced am I to see you !

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And you may thank the luck of it, Wilford, that I
shou'd make a blunder upon you so soon !

WILFORD.

Well—what success ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Faith, as to the success—d'ye see—why—I can't
very well tell.

WILFORD.

Have you seen, or heard any thing of my Emily ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

To be sure, I have seen her—and for the matter of
that, have heard a little about her into the bargain !

WILFORD.

Say, then—where ? and how is she ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, she's not far off—and, let me tell you, one of the
plumpest, and fleekest does on the forest.—

WILFORD.

Spoke she not of me with passionate anxiety ?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Not a great deal of that—though she talk'd pretty
freely too !—but the poor creature, Wilford, has lost all
the “ mild melody accents ” that you told me so much
about.

WILFORD.

WILFORD.

Pooh!—is this a time for jesting?

CAPT. O'DONNEL

The devil a jest!—however you'll soon see her, and judge for yourself:—beside, you'll have to learn something about her, and an old fighting Sir Walter, where she's just gone on a comical kind of visit—which I can hardly made head or tail of!

WILFORD.

“Visit to an old fighting Sir Walter!”—What can all this mean?—oh! fly with me instantly to relieve my impatience.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And that I will, my friend—but I've a little impatience of my own to fly with first.—Had you ever the honor of a tête-à-tête, Wilford, with a pretty blooming damsel in a hop-ground?

WILFORD.

Indeed, I take this very unfriendly, O'Donnel!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

What! that I won't give up the chance of my own little wild doe, to go immediately after your's, which I've got safe enough in the toils for you?

WILFORD.

Direct me but the way——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, then, if you are in such haste—you see that little crooked glade-way straight before you—it leads to the village near which she lodges.—Enquire for the sign of the Stag, with the bald—white countenance—halt there

there—and in half an hour I'll be with you, and conduct you, myself, to your rivulet Emily.

WILFORD.

But may I depend upon you?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh! as sure as fate!—(*Exit Wilford.*)—Poor fellow!—what a devil of a job will it be, if, after all this trouble, he should find his Emily so altered—that his own eyes and ears can't put a remembrance upon her! Give Arthur O'Donnel the girl neither quite so plump, nor so fond of changing.—To be sure, and I'm not going to meet a little creature just after my own heart! and, oh! will I not love her, as long as the frailty of my nature will permit?—Ay, that I will, by the—but be easy, Arthur,—let me swear by something that will not disgrace her!—

A I R XXVI.

By her own lovely self, that's my choice, and delight;
By that form I could gaze on from morning 'till night;
By that bosom, so prettily veil'd from my sight,
I swear to adore the dear creature!

I swear to adore, &c.

By the smiles on that cheek, I could ever carefs;
By the stars, which her forehead so brilliantly drefs;
By those lips, which—my own pair would willingly press,
I swear to adore the dear creature!

I swear to adore, &c.

SCENE XV.*A Hop Ground.*

*Various Parties of Hop-pickers, working at the Cribbs—
Men taking down the Hop-Poles, &c. &c.*

A I R XXVII.—FULL CHORUS.

HAIL to the vine of Britain's vale!
Whose stores refine her nut-brown ale,
Till that like nectar flows;
Whose virtues—to this isle confin'd,
Are sent to cheer a Briton's mind,
Too gen'rous for his foes!

Enter FAIRLOP.

FAIRLOP.

Come, strike—strike, lads and lasses! you've done
a fair morning's work—and now all hands to the kiln
to dinner! [*Exeunt Hop-pickers, &c.*]

Enter MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

I have luckily nick'd the time, I find!—but where's
my cousin Tipperary?—Unless I trap this wild bird
first, my whole plan will be destroy'd.

I

Enter

Enter CAPT. O'DONNEL.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well, my dear!—

MEDLEY.

Ecod, I fear it's not so well.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Why? what's the matter, little fellow?

MEDLEY.

Only your friend's damsel about to be moved off—
that's all!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

What is't you mean? Is it game you're making?

MEDLEY.

Sir Walter—hearing, I suppose, of your search after
her, has, some how or other, prevailed upon her to be
secretly convey'd to one of his tenants on the other side
of the forest—and fix'd this time and place to meet her
for that purpose—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And after all her fine speeches and promises to me?—
But where's my little grig?—she won't slip thro' my
fingers after this manner, I hope.

MEDLEY.

No—no—you're safe enough there—I was oblig'd,
you know, to put off her coming for fear of a disco-
very:—But see, yonder appears one of the party—and
the other, no doubt, will soon follow.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And Arthur O'Donnel will soon make another
amongst them.

MED-

MEDLEY.

Suppose, then, we conceal ourselves hereabouts, and observe their motions?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

With all my soul!

MEDLEY.

But see!—what a deuced black cloud there is coming up with the wind! [*The light gradually diminishes.*]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Well—and what of that?—

MEDLEY.

Why, an't you afraid, Captain, that it will pepper your fine jacket for you?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh! not at all—a soldier's jacket is not made for sunshine—and mine, I know, won't turn its back to a flying shower.

MEDLEY.

If that's the case—step you behind that pile of hop-poles, while I get on the snug side of this tree.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Do so, little fellow,—faith and I have hid myself in many a worse ambuscade before now.

[*Concealing himself.*]

MEDLEY.

Here he comes!—and the storm clofe at his skirts!

[*Retires behind the tree.*]

Enter SIR WALTER.

SIR WALTER.

I don't much like the looks of the weather.—But here am I, snugly arrived first!

L

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.—(*Peeping.*)

To be sure, my old Cockatoo, and you are not!

[*Aside.*]

SIR WALTER.

The fun seems to put rather a black face upon it!—but the hop-pickers are all out of the way—surely I can find a little shelter for her!—What a lucky opportunity to settle matters with the pretty rogue?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

And with me at the same time, if you please.

[*Aside.*]

SIR WALTER.

Didn't I hear somebody?—No!—'twas only a rustling among the vines!—Who knows, but the little bashful hussy may be half concealed amongst them? I'll take a peep—and so forth. [*Walks into the hop-ground.*]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

There's an abominable old gander for you! [*Aside.*]

MEDLEY. (*Peeping.*)

Hush!—hush! for the hen bird's now on wing!

Enter MISS DI CLACKIT, in her Archery Dress.

MISS DI.

How indiscreet to consent to this interview!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Indeed, Miss, and you may say that.

[*Aside.*]

MISS DI.

He's a man of honor, no doubt—But, bless me, how the sky lowers!—What shall I do, if I'm caught in a tempest?

I

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Indeed, Miss, and you deserve a good fopping for
your pains! [*Aside.*]

MISS DI.

I thought I heard a footstep this way!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Your own, my dear—for you tread none of the
lightest! [*Aside.*]

[*Miss Di Clacket goes into the hop-ground.—A tempestuous
shower comes on.—Capt. O'Donnel, and Medley laugh.*]

MEDLEY.

Faith they've got a soufer!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

So much the better.—To be sure, and I won't wing
the old cock-bird for crossing upon my own sport!
[*Storm ceases.*]

AIR XXVIII.—QUARTETTO.

Medley & Capt. } MARK! how the cooing pair draws near!
O'Donnel.

Miss Di. Why, Captain?

Sir Walter. - - - - - Emily!

Both. - - - - - I'm here!

Where are you?—Here in half-drown'd state!

Medley & Capt. } Hark, the old ring-dove calls his mate!
O'Donnel.

MED-

MEDLEY.

And now, Matt, must you avoid an untimely explanation. [Exit,

[Sir Walter, and Miss Di return, and first discover each other, with astonishment, as Capt. O'Donnel advances between them unbuttoning his lapels, and carelessly throwing the rain off his hat.]

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

What a mighty pretty joke is love in a shower!

[Looking at them alternately,

SIR WALTER.

Upon my soul—Madam!—I—can't say—that—that I expected the honor of this ducking—to—to meet you here!—

MISS DI.—*(Confused.)*

Nor I—fir—the pleasure of catching my death, for the—the—felicity of seeing you here!—Provoking wretch!—*(Aside.)*—You may think, fir—

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, palliluh!—I did not hope for the honor of expecting you here—nor I the pleasure of seeing you there—*(imitating them)*—when you had both contrived the whole farce beforehand—except the happiness of seeing my own self—any where!

MISS DI.

This is very extraordinary behaviour in you, fir!

[To Capt. O'Donnel,

SIR WALTER.

And have I caught you out, Cousin Prudery, at last?

[Exultingly,

MISS

MISS DI.

What is it you mean, fir?—I came—

SIR WALTER.

To learn to pick hops according to the articles of war!—but you've got a good fopping for't—and so forth. *[Aside to her.]*

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

There's an honest fellow in the world, Madam, who has reason to expect better usage at your hands.

SIR WALTER.

Excellent!—What say you to that, Cøz?—Tho' she has flushed my pretty game—I can match her—for now I shall be able to silence her clapper—by positive evidence of the fact! *[Aside.]*

MISS DI.

To you, fir, I hope I shall find time to explain myself; and as to my cousin Wiseacre— *[Exit.]*

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, Madam, the thing is bad enough without any further explanation.

SIR WALTER.

And pray, fir, who may you be—that come in this impudent, blustering manner, to poach after a part of my family?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Part of your family?—That's a good joke, my old boy!—*(laughing.)*—but I'll soon settle that.—As you're such a dev'lish fighting fellow—d'ye see—why, you may be pleas'd to give me a little account of your own self—
for

for daring to presume to seduce the mistress of my friend.

SIR WALTER.—(*Amazed.*)

I seduce!—I—a fighting fellow!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Come, come—make no more words about it :—you'll meet me, my old buck, without further ceremony, on this very spot, to-morrow morning, at sun-set—that I may not be compell'd to post you—upon ev'ry pole in your own hop-ground. .

SIR WALTER.—(*Looking inquisitively at him.*)

Damme, if I think this fellow's any thing but a bully after all!—I'll try him, however—(*Aside.*)—Look ye, Captain Bounceabout!—I have served three campaigns, in our county militia, with some credit!—and, let me tell you, fir—I am no more afraid than you, or any other man—of fire! sword!—and so forth!

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

So much the better, my dear.

A I R XXIX.—DUET.

THE dreadful weapons choose, fir!

No, that I must refuse, fir;

We'll bring enough,

Then fight in buff,

'Twill make important news, fir!

Sword! pike! and hand-grenade!

Will prove us not afraid,

With

With these { O'Don. try well } to hack me;
 { Sir Walt. you think }

But being brave,

I'll only have

Capt. O'Don.—My honor's self } to back me!
 Sir Walt. —Twelve constables }

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XVI.

MEDLEY *alone, in an Archery Dress, with a Bugle Horn.*

MEDLEY.—(*Laughing.*)

What would I give to know how they've settled their matters?—but we shall have it piping hot when Miss Di comes on the forest, I'll warrant it!—Now to muster my female troop. [*Winds his Bugle.*]

Enter BOB.

BOB.

Here they come, brother Matt—and a pretty shew they make, sure enough!—(*Female Archers trip in, preceded by forest colours—and a pastoral band of music.*)

MEDLEY.

Well, my sprightly lasses!—now fall in—and we'll soon march off to the Oak—and see who's to win the pretty prize heifer.

AIR

AIR XXX.—SESTETTO.

Female Arch. Oh fweet
 But mind } Mr. Medley, I fay!
 Come dear }
Medley. What the deuce is the matter?
Bob. How neatly they prattle!
Medley. If you keep fuch a clatter,
Bob. What fweet pretty prattle!
Medley. No game on the foreft will flay,
F. Arch. & Bob. —Oh fie!
Medley. But hence it will fly,
 To Old Nick in a trice to get out of
 your way!

Female Arch. Oh fweet
 But mind } Mr. Medley, I fay!
 Come dear }
Medley. Now don't ftretch your lungs—
Female Arch. We mind not your sneers:
Medley. For to all your glib tongues
 Little Huffeys you know,
F. Arch. & Bob. Come, pray let us go!
Medley. I've only but one pair of ears!
Med. & Bob. - - - - - Pretty dears!

(*Female Archers—all talking together.*)

“But I fay, Mr. Medley!”—“Now, dear Mr.
 “Medley!” &c. &c. &c.

MEDLEY.

Halloah!—why, if you keep up this clatter, I
 tell you again, that all the game will break the bounds
 of the foreft!—

Female

(*Female Archers talking together again.*)

“ Ay, but Mr. Medley—suppose I say, Mr. Medley,
“ &c. &c.

MEDLEY.

“ Now pray talk a little gently, sweet ones!
[“ *Bob, and Kitty Maple, looking at the colours inscribed*
“ *IN MEDIO PALMA.*”]

BOB.

“ An’t they very gay, and pretty?

KITTY.

“ Yes, very smart indeed!

BOB.

“ They were done, spick and span new, at London!

KITTY.

“ Ay—but what’s the signification of the gold writ-
“ ing, Mr. Bob?

BOB.

“ Oh! that’s our Vicar’s doings—it’s Arabac, I
“ believe—but ask my brother Matt—he can tell you all
“ about it.—

KITTY.

“ So I will.—Mr. Medley, what does this here
“ mean?

MEDLEY.

“ That there, my love?

KITTY.

“ Yes, that—

MEDLEY.

“ Why, as to *Archery*, it means—that—if—but, per-
“ haps, you’d like a free translation best?

M

KITTY.

KITTY.

" Dear! I don't care!

MEDLEY.

" Why then the plain meaning is, that—the middle's
 " your mark!—Now for it, girls!—come Kitty Maple,
 " stand you to the right.—(*Places her.*)—You ought
 " to shoot well, hussy—for your father was always a
 " dead hand at pulling the long bow— [*All laugh.*

KITTY.

" I wonder you an't ashamed of your wicked self!"

MEDLEY.

Here, Betsy Blewit—stand by the side of her—very
 well.—Sucky Wheatheaf, and Jenny Whitethorn, you
 are next—now let the rest drop in—two and two.—But
 where the deuce are the little woodside nymphs?

BOB.

I'll go and fetch 'em, brother.

MEDLEY.

Do, Bob!—tell 'em they'll be too late, if they don't
 put their best foot first. [*Exit Bob.*

KITTY.

Somebody, I see, thinks there'll be no sport, if some
 folks an't here! [*All laugh.*

MEDLEY.

Smartly said, Kitty!—I don't know how they may
 shoot an arrow—but you must take care, or some folks
 will hit as far with their sparklers, as the best of you!
 —Now strike up, pipers!—

AIR

A I R XXXI.

COME, lasses! follow me,
With merry glee,
To sports of Woodland Archery!

CHORUS of Female ARCHERS.

With merry glee,
We follow thee,
To sports of Woodland Archery!

[*Medley puts himself at their head, and they march off to the repeat of the Chorus.*]

SCENE XIX.

The Forest.

DOLLY, alone with her Bow, &c.

DOLLY.

Dear, dear!—what can I do?—We shall certainly be too late!—and you will not go?—(*Speaking to Emily behind*)—How can you be so unkind?

Enter BOB.

BOB.

Come! come! my pretty ones—they are all marched to the ground—with music and streamers!—and by this

this time her Ladyship, Miss Dinah, is there!—Matt sent me to look for you!—But where's Miss Emily?

DOLLY.

There she sits under that tree—and won't budge an inch, for all I can say to her!

EMILY, *Entering.*

EMILY.

I beg you to excuse me, Dolly!—let me go back—say I am unwell!—

BOB.

Now, pray you, Miss Emily, come along with us—the fight will be worth nothing without you!

EMILY.

Well, since you will have it so—proceed—

[Sound of a Bugle horn, within the Forest.]

AIR XXXII.—GLEE.

HARK—the Bugle's sylvan strain,
 Calls us to the sportive plain,
 Scene of artless love!
 Shepherds—faithful tales advancing,
 Maidens' hearts in transport dancing,
 Happy may they prove!
 How blissful then the Wood-nymphs' green retreat,
 Where Love, and Innocence enraptur'd meet!

SCENE XX.*View of the Oak.*

Tents—Targets—Forest Colours, &c.—Female Archers, &c. ranged on each Wing—A Dance, in Character, commences on Miss Di Clackit's entering, and taking her Seat at the Front of the Forest.—At the Close of the Dance, Medley winds his Bugle Horn, and the Female Archers take their respective Posts.

MISS DI.—(*Walking down thro' the ranks.*)

Are they all here?—are they all ready?—"I'm so
 "flurried, and confused! [*To Medley apart.*

MEDLEY.

"What's the matter, Ma'am?

MISS DI.

"Would you think it?—My blundering Cousin has
 "discovered me in the hop-ground!

MEDLEY.

"Why, that was a little awkward, to be sure—but
 "I can manage it, Ma'am—by swearing, that I sent
 "you there on purpose to meet him!

MISS DI.

"My dear Medley—can you, indeed—can you,
 "indeed?—but then if he——

MEDLEY.

“ Oh! never trouble yourself about it—to be sure I
 “ can—and with a pretty safe conscience, I fancy!

[*Aside.*]

MISS DI.

“ As to the Captain—I can easily set him right my-
 “ self—but I wonder he’s not here.—(*Walks towards the*
 “ *Female Archers.*)—You’ve pick’d a tolerable set—tole-
 “ rable set!—Hold up your head, girl—hold up your
 “ head!”

[*To one of the Female Archers.*]

MEDLEY.

We are all ready—quite ready, Madam—Where the
 deuce can my little huffies be?

[*Aside.*]

MISS DI.

As they are all ready—you may sound the charge, and
 let the archery commence; though I don’t know——

[*Medley winds his bugle.*]

EMILY, DOLLY, and BOB enter.

DOLLY.—(*To Emily.*)

That’s her Ladyship, Sir Walter’s cousin, sitting
 alone! [*Medley observes them, as the two first Archers*
stand forth.]

MEDLEY.

Oh, you’re come at last!—but you’ve lost your turns
 —so stay here, Dolly, till I call you—for I must attend
 the targets.—(*The shooting commences cross-ways at tar-*
gets placed on each side of the Oak.—Medley holding in his
hand a card, on which to mark the different shots.)

MEDLEY.—(*After the first shots.*)

Pretty well, Kitty—but levell’d a little too high!—
 Better, much better, Betsey Blewitt—just within the
 third

third circle!—very well, indeed!—(*After two other shots.*)—Oh, bad, very bad!—(*Two others.*)—Excellent!—Well done, Jenny!—within three inches of the bull's eye!—Let me see who'll beat that?

MISS DI.

Who's nearest, Medley?—who's nearest?—who's nearest?

MEDLEY.

Oh, Madam, Jenny Hawthorn! hollow!—(*Shews Miss Di the mark'd card:—while the Female Archers march to music for their arrows, and return to different sides.*) [*Medley takes Dolly out to shoot.*]

MEDLEY.

Now for it, Dolly—Now Dolly!

MISS DI.

Don't rattle and talk so fast, Medley—you confuse 'em—you confuse 'em—besides, if they——

MEDLEY.

Oh, worst of all, Dolly!—No heifer for you, Doll—but you think a good husband prize enough for one day, I suppose? [*To her aside,*]

DOLLY.

Of all conscience, Matt—I am content!

Enter WILFORD and CAPT. O'DONNELL, near the Oak.

WILFORD.

Where is the perfidious Emily?

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh, there she sits—(*Pointing to Miss Di*)—just as unconcern'd—as if nothing had happen'd at all!

WILFORD.

(*Walking towards Miss Di, starts back!—turning to O'Donnel.*)

Why add mockery to my distress?

MISS DI.

Oh, the Captain's here!—I'll pretend not to observe him. [*Aside.*]

MEDLEY.—(*On Emily advancing to shoot.*)

Don't be alarm'd, there's a dear.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

But here's a creature, Wilford—here's one—(*beckoning to Wilford*)—after my own choice. [*At this instant Emily shoots—and hits the centre of the target.—Bugle sounds.*]

MEDLEY.

She's won it—she's won it!

AIR XXXIII.—CHORUS.

TO Beauty's shaft the prize decree,
In strains of ancient minstrelsy!

[*Wilford and Emily at this instant behold each other—she sinks on Dolly's arm—Capt. O'Donnel runs and supports her.*]

WIL-

WILFORD.

Can it be possible?

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Oh! very possible! keep a little back.—(*To Wilford.*)—It's only a small flutteration at seeing me—'twill soon be over—see how she revives at the sound of my own voice! [*Emily recovers.*]

WILFORD.

Oh, my Emily!

EMILY.

And do I live again to behold my faithful Wilford?

MEDLEY.

Oh, oh! the pretty lost lamb's own'd at last!—the plot will unravel fast—I must to Sir Walter, and by a full confession, secure a free pardon. [*Exit.*]

MISS DI.—(*Drawing near.*)

What is the matter?—what is the cause of this confusion?—Pray, sir—how have I deserved this usage? am I so alter'd that you don't recollect me—don't recollect me?—Surely, Captain——

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Faith and troth—for the matter of that—tho' you have forgot yourself—I know you well enough, Miss Emily, and all your pranks!

MISS DI.

Miss Emily!—all my pranks! What can he mean? what can he mean?—You well know, sir, my name is Dinah; and that I am the nearest relation of Sir Walter Waring—tho' you are all conspiring against my honor! but justice, I hope—— [*Exit.*]

N

CAPT.

CAPT. O'DONNELL.

Upon my conscience, I begin to fancy we are all as mad as wild geese!—Harkee, Wilford, is it you, or me, that this bewitching rogue has beplundered out of our senses?

WILFORD.

It is I, my friend, who have lost mine in love and admiration!

A I R XXXIV.

OH tell me, *Memory!* no more,
What woe in banishment was mine—
What pain this lab'ring bosom bore,
Compell'd its treasure to resign!

But tell me, *Memory*—more kind,
The envy'd transports I regain;
Record them on my grateful mind,
That not a sorrow may remain!

WILFORD.

But where is the rustic guardian of my Emily?

Enter FAIRLOP.

EMILY.

Here—(*Pointing to Fairlop.*)—My kind, disinterested protector!

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FAIRLOP.

Lackaday! what is all this?

DOLLY.

Oh, father!—Miss Emily's sweetheart's found, and this is he!

WIL-

WILFORD.

I wish I could express the obligations I owe to you.

FAIRLOP.

Pooh! pooh! why do you give the gentleman all this trouble? May I be free enough to speak a word of my mind?

WILFORD.

By all means!

FAIRLOP.

Then, set you, sir, as much store by this treasure thro' life—(*takes her hand*)—as I have done but for three short months—and, trust a plain man, we shall all be sufficiently rewarded!

WILFORD.

Generous woodman! Emily, you must prevail upon your adopted sister to attend you to Wilford Lodge.

EMILY.

What say you, my dear friend, Dolly?

Enter MEDLEY.

MEDLEY.

Oh! that's impossible, Ma'am—she may soon have a house full of children of her own to take care of!

[*Conceitedly.*]

EMILY.

How is all this?

DOLLY.

The audacious wretch coax'd me into a kind of promise this morning;—and I can't find in my heart to be worse than my word.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Why then, give Dolly the little prize-cow for a bride's portion—I think, Wilford, you'll not be after making a bull of that now.

Enter SIR WALTER, followed by Female Archers, &c.

SIR WALTER.

Come along, come along! and see how I administer justice among 'em.—I arrest you all in my own name!—and so forth.

WILFORD.

Pray, sir, what may be your charge against us?—*(Smiling.)*—It's a bailable offence, I trust?

SIR WALTER.

Yes, if you put in your appearance at my house, where, with your consent, we'll have a merry night on't—and so forth. *[Shaking Wilford by the hand.]*

DOLLY.

But perhaps, Miss Emily—

SIR WALTER.

Won't resist my authority, when she knows I've a chaplain at hand, who can soon bind her over to good behaviour for life.

CAPT. D'DONNEL.

Upon my conscience, Sir Walter, but you may command Arthur O'Donnel, esquire.—Give me your hand, my old buck—it's a pleasanter thing to draw a cork than a sword, with an honest fellow, at any time.—But hark ye, little Mittimus, there'll be no need for that Snap-dragon—Miss *Consumption* there, to be one of the party!

WIL-

WILFORD.—(*To Fairlop.*)

But, my best of friends, with your permission,—we'll transplant you to a larger farm, where you may acquire the means of extending your benevolence.

FAIRLOP.

With thanks for your kindness, sir,—as my Landlord's ill will is blown over, I'll live, and die by my native woodside ! But, before you rob me and Dolly of our pretty companion, and depart—stop at our cottage by the way—and, if you can break bread with a lowly man—you shall have his blessing into the bargain.

VAUDEVILLE.

CHORUS.

TUNE the pipe, and strike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands ;
This is not a time for labour,
While young Joy on tip-toe stands !

Sir Walter Waring, to Emily.

JUSTICE bids me now besit you,
Blind to all your roguish charms ;
So I'll certainly *commit* you—
To an honest husband's arms !

Tune the Pipe, &c.

DUET.—*Wilford, and Emily.*

Fearless now our vows are plighted,
Hence the clouds of sorrow fly !
Love, and constancy united,
Thus restore a tranquil sky.

Tune the Pipe, &c.

DUET.

DUET.—*Dolly, and Medley.*

Med.—Dolly—mind you love me dearly!

Doll.—Never fear, if you are true:

Med.—Scolding, } I shall take but queerly,
Doll.—Chiding, }

Both.—Sulky fits will never do!

Tune the Pipe, &c.

CAPT. O'DONNEL.

Marriage faith's a pretty notion,

If you could but change a wife;

But a soldier loves promotion—

Not a warm campaign for life!

Tune the Pipe, &c.

FAIRLOP.

'Though my Woodland thus you plunder,

Of the sweetest plant that grew,

At the loss I cannot wonder—

May it better thrive with you.

FULL CHORUS.

TUNE the pipe, and strike the tabor,

Quickly join their faithful hands;

This is not a time for labour,

While young Joy on tip-toe stands!

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FINIS.

